

NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII, No. 18.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1893.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE LATE DR. BURNS THOMSON, FOUNDER OF THE EDINBURGH MEDICAL MISSION.

At Bournemouth, on April 29, there passed to his rest the brother beloved who delighted on all suitable occasions to sign himself, "W. Burns Thomson, Medical Missionary."

His home-going closes a chapter in recent Christian movements which might be entitled 'The Rise of Medical Missions,' or, as a brother perhaps still more aptly puts it, 'The Modern Revival of Medical Missions.' When that chapter comes to be written in detail, it will be found that among the many worthy men whose names rise to memory in association with the earlier days of the movement, the central and most conspicuous figure is that of Burns Thomson. On him in particular God laid the burden and travail of lifting the cause of medical missions into the view, and commending it to the acceptance, of the Christian Church. His task was not an easy one. It needed a strong man—one in whom a clear conviction that medical missions form an important part of the Gospel method, and a resolute purpose that the Church should know it, should be blended with a simple and unswerving faith in the guidance and help of God. All who had the privilege of his closer acquaintance know that Burns Thomson was just such a man. And when, in 1859, the Master took him and his like-minded wife and planted them in 38 Cowgate, Edinburgh, he was initiating that wave of medical missionary interest which has since touched every church and every missionary society throughout the whole Christian world. From that time medical missions had at least one living exemplification in our midst, and the eloquent pen and speech of our brother, as in all the great cities of the United Kingdom he advocated a cause which was to him, for Christ's sake, more precious than life, accomplished a complete change in Christian opinion. Noble men have risen up since, and by the blessing of God have done much to extend and deepen the interest in medical missions, but Burns Thomson was the man whom God chose for the labor, if also for the honor, of a brave and successful pioneer.

Born at Kirriemuir, in Forfarshire, of godly parents; who died while he was still a lad, and owing much to the care and affection of his elder brother, it was at Golspie, in Sutherlandshire, when, about the age of seventeen, the great decision was made. A vivid reminiscence of those days by the one who was his companion on the occasion, is of a scene behind a hedge at Golspie, when the two lads knelt and dedicated themselves to Christ and to any service to which He might call them. Tutorial work in a private family followed Golspie, and it was then that, in repeated sailings round Cape Wrath, and in other excursions, Burns

Thomson developed that taste for natural science which, ere many years, brought him the honor of F.R.S.E., and supplied him through the rest of his career with those analogies which he could so deftly use in handling questions of the spiritual life.

He was well over twenty when he came to Edinburgh to enter on a University curriculum. Like many another Scotch lad, he knew something of the pathos of student poverty. I have heard him tell stories of times of utter pennilessness which became occasions of strong crying to God with tears, and of startling answers which awed him with the sense of the nearness of the Divine presence. Such experiences prepared him for an intense sympathy with all earnest student life. Poverty was a bar which he ignored when

he hoped were that he might have the privilege of preaching Christ in China. It was at the close of the Arts curriculum, and when he was about to enter on theological studies, that the incident took place which in the hand of God was to determine his career. We will tell it in his own words:—

"I was visiting in Ponton street, Edinburgh, when an incident occurred that changed the whole current of my life. I went into one of the lowest houses about twelve o'clock in the forenoon to invite the inmates to a prayer-meeting that was to be held on the following Sabbath evening. I had scarcely got into the house when a sharp little Irishwoman came springing into the middle of the floor, and, approaching me, abruptly said, 'What do you want, sir?' I was not so experienced then in

said I. She was entirely of the same mind. Why I was led to make such a remark I cannot conceive, for I knew absolutely nothing of medicine, and the thought of becoming a doctor had never entered my wildest dreams. The efficacy of one drug, however, I had satisfactorily learned in my youth, and, getting a cup from her—it had no handle I remember—away I went to the nearest druggist and got a dose of castor-oil. I brought it back and presented it to the poor woman, and she received it amidst many expressions of gratitude. On the Monday following, as in duty bound, I called back to see my patient. She received me with open arms, and actually came out with me to the end of the street with my hand in hers. She made the sign of the cross on her forehead, and struck a covenant of eternal friendship between us. I got access to that house ever after, and was freely permitted to tell of the great salvation offered by Christ."

It was a simple enough incident, but it was a revelation to the earnest student. He began to search his Bible on the subject of medical missions, and was surprised to find them everywhere in the New Testament, and the result was that, while still keeping the same ultimate life object in view, he became a student of medicine.

While yet a student he wrote a prize essay on medical missions, which was published and had much acceptance. 1859 he undertook the superintendence of the work of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society.

The great service of his life to medical missions is bound up with the years 1859—1878. It was a threefold service. He showed to the Church at home what a living power a medical mission could be in the worst part of a great city; how it could attract the poor in crowds, Roman Catholics and Protestants alike; how it could open their doors, when all other agencies had failed, to the entrance of the Gospel message; and how it was an agency which the Lord did not fail to bless, both to the bodies and souls of men. And this experience was an ever-fresh plea in advocating the larger employment of such missions among the heathen.

Then, second, as the head of the first Medical Missionary Training Home, he was able to show, in due time, a band of laborers who, having completed their studies, were fulfilling, at home or abroad, the great calling of the medical missionary. Valentine of Agra and Vartan of Nazareth, Hutchison of Sialkot and Husband of Ajmere; the late Drs. Thomson of Swatow, and Elmslie of Kashmir; Crabbe of Birmingham and Elder of Bristol, etc., etc., men whose names are held in honor to-day, and who have done much to extend the work of the Gospel, were among Dr. Thomson's students. And the influence exerted by the Training Home did not by any means end there. It began at once to tell upon the circle of Christian men in



DR. BURNS THOMSON, F.R.C.S.E.; F.R.S.E.

he met with real men who were struggling after fitness for service on the mission field. He could count on God to meet the needs of such cases. And, speaking here of prayer, there is one friend living, a friend of forty-five years' standing, between whom and Burns Thomson there was a covenant of prayer, a mutual agreement to ask the Lord concerning certain specified objects, the record of which was carefully kept and the Lord's answers noted, the list of subjects being extended as years went on; and the occasional opportunities of united supplication being ever gratefully welcomed. The last of these opportunities was given to the two friends just a few days before our brother passed away.

His purpose in coming to Edinburgh to study was to enter the ministry. But he looked further than that. His desire and

visiting as I am now, and the question disturbed me. Although it was only twelve o'clock her son was lying on a low settle at the side of the room the worse for drink. He looked up at me, and, evidently not liking my appearance, he cried to his mother, 'Pet 'im oot, mither.' As I lingered about the room, not knowing very well what to do, the youth got angry and cried with an oath, 'Mither, canna ye pet 'im oot?' This disturbed me still more, and I remarked to the woman, 'I was just going round your district, and I thought I would look in and see you. You are not looking well.' The thought seemed to flash upon her that perhaps I was a medical man, and in an instant her manner changed and she answered quite kindly, 'Sure and it's not well that I am, sir. I think you would be the better of a little medicine.'

the student ranks in Edinburgh, and to keep before them medical missions as a powerful claimant to their lives and service. This kind of influence has been of the highest value, and is one of the best fruits of the object-lesson set forth by the Training Home.

Once more, it is to Burns Thomson's eloquent advocacy in our great cities that we owe the spread of medical missionary effort in Great Britain. Aberdeen and Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Birmingham, all owed, under God, to his voice and pen the impulse which resulted in the medical missionary efforts of which they have been or are now the centres. Possibly also Dr. Dowkontt, of New York, might have further witness to give of the influence emanating from Dr. Thomson, which has spurred and strengthened him in his noble work in New York. What our brother did for Madagascar, for Nazareth, for Bombay, and what he did by his little monthly pink sheet to encourage the hearts of his medical missionary brethren throughout the world, would require not a page but a volume to tell.

In 1870, Burns Thomson's connection with the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society came to an end. His difference with the Society turned upon a point on which there will always be a difference where a man of such strong individuality and power has to engage in the conduct of some of the most delicate and difficult forms of Christian work, under a body of directors. They, of necessity, are much less in touch with the work than the brother who is nominally their servant, but who is yet more the servant of Christ. A directorate or committee has its rights, and it would be a mistake to make light of them; but a man in his own house with students under him has his rights and his responsibilities also, and his position is such that interference (ab extra) speedily becomes intolerable. To Burns Thomson the question was vital, and he stood like a rock.

After eight years of fresh service in a new medical mission he planted in the Canongate of Edinburgh, Dr. Thomson's strength became unequal to the daily toils of such a sphere, and with great reluctance he gave it up. Two winters were spent abroad. In 1881, he came to London to find a congenial home as voluntary worker at Mildmay. Here, though practically retired from public view, he developed more fully his rare power as an expositor of Scripture, and in his addresses to the Deaconesses, addresses which dealt in detail and systematically with not a few of the books, both of the Old Testament and the New, he became a helper to many of these noble women in their daily labors of love among the poor and needy of this great city. His spiritual counsel was eagerly sought for, and the confidence reposed in him by all at Mildmay was as remarkable as it was deserved. To Mrs. Pennefather, in her years of weakness, his presence at Mildmay was a great solace, and his personal visits to her, especially on Sunday afternoons, were to both of them occasions of refreshing.

Nor in coming to London did Dr. Thomson's interest in medical missions come to an end. The Medical Missionary Association of London had been already established, and after the death of Dr. Fairlie Clarke, he filled the gap in the editorial secretaryship and he did not rest till he had secured a successor who could give his whole strength to the work. As the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Association, he was in a position to give the very best of help, his long experience enabling him to guide and counsel as perhaps no other could, and his last public act was to sign the Annual Report of the Association.

Besides his early prize essay on medical missions, the Christian public are indebted to Dr. Thomson for one notable work, 'Seed-time in Kashmir: A Memoir of Dr. Elmalie.' As a medical missionary biography, it is charming, and has undoubtedly drawn a few men to a similar career. Messrs. Nisbet have recently issued a fourth edition of it at the price of one shilling, and we know of no work we could more gladly put into any young Christian's hand.

Burns Thomson was a warm-hearted, loyal friend. A double-minded man or a double-minded missionary student his soul hated, but his affection for friends and

his affection for true-hearted medical missionary students was very striking. His whole heart went out to little children. The transparent simplicity of his own character made him at home with them at once, and those who knew his ways were never surprised to see him talking with the very little ones by the wayside. He seemed to have a pocket specially devoted to the bairns, and endless little gifts were ever coming out of it into the willing hands of the children, who could not mistrust the kindly eyes that looked down on them from above the snow-white beard. He suffered much in later years, though still able to move about, and often said 'It would be nice to get home.' He has now reached 'home' and we thank God for the gracious memory which he has left behind, and for his good works which do follow him.—James L. Maxwell, M.D., in the Christian.

THE 'EXPECTATION CLUB'S' MAIL MESSAGES.

Sunday-school training shows itself in more ways than one. The boys and girls who grow up in the midst of Gospel teaching and work will be the ones to carry these forward and to devise new methods.

It was a young man in the parish of Calvary Church (Protestant Episcopal) of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who devised the 'Expectation Club' as a method of carrying a friendly Christian word to young business men. It came to his heart that it would be an excellent and helpful thing to put a paragraph or two of good direct religious counsel into the Saturday mail of five hundred business men of that town; so he conferred with several others, and they set about getting such paragraphs written by various people in and out of Pittsburg whose interest they enlisted. The first message was a word written by his own rector, the Rev. Dr. George Hodges. It was sent out on a folding card. On the cover was the title, 'Expectation Club,' and a clause from Psalm lxxii. 5, 'My expectation is from Him'; on the back, 'If correspondence is desired, address Lock Box 864, Pittsburg Pa.' This was the earnest and sensible appeal:

CHRIST AND THE BUSINESS MAN.

The Lord Jesus Christ was acquainted with a great many business men. He was interested and cared for business men. He enjoyed a talk with a business man more than with all the priests and theological doctors in Jerusalem. When He came to select a place of residence, He left Jerusalem, the city of Worship, and took up His abode in Capernaum, the city of work.

So that the Lord Jesus Christ knows very well the temptations that beset a man of business. And He knew what He was talking about when He warned men against laying up all their treasure down here on earth and being bankrupt up above. He understood perfectly what was involved in that searching question of His: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Is it not a reasonable question? Between the worse and the better, between the transitory and the eternal, between the body and the soul, what sensible man, who stops to think, will hesitate to choose?

A great many foolish things are said, and a great many more foolish things are thought, about Christianity. At the heart of it, to be a Christian is just to make this reasonable choice. The Christian is the man who is trying his best to make the most of life. He is the man who has set before him the manliest of all ideals. He desires to be like Jesus Christ; strong and brave as He was; pure as He was; the advocate, the brother, as He was, of all men who are down.

This is the beginning, and the middle, and the end of true religion.

GEORGE HODGES.

The project has 'exceeded all the anticipations of its promoters,' a friend of the method writes. 'In the first place, it stirred up the town with curiosity. Everybody was asking about it and talking about it. Then more solid returns came in. The very first card was read by a young fellow who had strayed a long way off the right road, and he was somehow touched by it. That night, passing an open church, he went in. There was an evangelistic

meeting in progress. He stood up and asked the prayers of the people, and read the card to show what had turned him about. I was told of another young man into whose mail these cards have come week after week. They have changed his life. He stays at home now with his family, and goes to church on Sunday.'

The club has received many letters through its post-office box—'some critical, a few desiring to have no more of this matter, but most of them commendatory and grateful.' So far there has been no further object than 'to get these helpful words into touch with men,' though it is not improbable that a more permanent plan will result from this good impulse.—*Sunday-School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XL—SEPT. 10, 1893.

PAUL AT ROME.—Acts 28:20-31.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ"—Rom. 1:16.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 28:1-15.—Paul going to Rome.
T. Acts 28:16-31.—Paul at Rome.
W. Phil. 1:1-18.—The Furtherance of the Gospel.
Th. Phil. 2:17-30.—Lack of Service Supplied.
F. Col. 4:1-18.—Sympathy in Bonds.
S. Eph. 3:1-13.—A Prisoner of Christ for the Gentiles.
S. 2 Tim. 4:1-22.—Paul's Last Words.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Conferring with the Jews, vs. 20-21.
II. Turning to the Gentiles, vs. 25-28.
III. Preaching in Chains, vs. 29-31.
TIME.—March, A.D. 61; to March, A.D. 63: Nero emperor of Rome; Porcius Festus (A.D. 61) and Albinus, his successor, governors of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Trachonitis, etc.
PLACE.—Rome, the capital of the empire and the chief city of the world.

OPENING WORDS.

The island of Melita, now named Malta, upon which Paul was shipwrecked, lies about sixty miles south of Sicily. Paul remained there three months, and was then taken to Rome. Shortly after his arrival he called the chief of the Jews together, and told them the circumstances under which he had been sent as a prisoner to Rome.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

20. The hope of Israel—the hope of a Messiah. Paul held the same faith as all the Jews, only going farther than they in that he believed that the hope of Israel was now fulfilled. See Rom. 2:28, 29. 23. Expounded and testified—thus setting before them the great truths of the gospel, and proving from their own Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ, 'the hope of Israel.' 25. Well spake the Holy Ghost—in Isa. 6:9, 10; a solemn and impressive close of the apostle's appeal to his countrymen. 28. The salvation of God—the gospel with its saving effects. Compare Acts 13:46; 18:6. 30. Two whole years—from the spring of A.D. 61 to A.D. 63; at this time a prisoner of state, bound by his chain to his soldier guard, his expenses borne by his friends at Rome and in the province. Four of his epistles were written during this imprisonment—to the Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians and to Philemon. After two years he was set at liberty and spent several years in earnest missionary labor. Then he was a second time arrested and brought to Rome, where he was tried and condemned to death, dying under the axe, A.D. 68, or, as some suppose, A.D. 69.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Upon what island was Paul wrecked? How long did he remain there? What miracles did he perform? Describe the course to Rome. What privilege was given to Paul? How was he guarded? Whom did he call together? What did he say of his arrest, trial and appeal to Caesar? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CONFERRING WITH THE JEWS, vs. 20-21.—What reason did Paul give for calling the Jews together? What is meant by the hope of Israel? How was Paul a prisoner for this hope? What did the Jews reply? What request did they make? What arrangements were made for hearing him? What did Paul do? Of what did he persuade them? With what result?

II. TURNING TO THE GENTILES, vs. 25-28.—What warning did the apostle give? From what prophet is it taken? Who had used it before? What further did Paul say? What would the Gentiles do?

III. PREACHING IN CHAINS, vs. 29-31.—Where did Paul dwell? How long? Whom did he receive? What did he do? Why was he unmolested? What other work did he do during his imprisonment? How was his imprisonment overruled? What had he said about preaching in Rome? Rom. 1:10-15.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Bonds and imprisonment cannot prevent the preaching of the gospel.
2. The opposition of enemies is sometimes overruled for the furtherance of the gospel.
3. Not all are saved who hear the gospel; some receive the truth; others harden their hearts against it.
4. Sinners are lost only because they will not be saved.
5. When a man's ways please the Lord, he inclines even his enemies to show him favor. Prov. 16:7.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What favor was shown to Paul at Rome? Ans. He was allowed to dwell apart from other prisoners, with a soldier as his guard.

2. To whom did he first preach at Rome? Ans. To the Jews, who were called together to hear him.

3. What effect had his preaching on them? Ans. Some believed the things which were spoken, but the greater number believed not.

4. What did Paul say to the unbelieving Jews? Ans. The salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, and they will hear it.

5. How long was Paul a prisoner in Rome? Ans. Two whole years, during which he preached and taught boldly, none forbidding him.

LESSON XII—SEPT. 17, 1893.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.—Rom. 14:12-23.

A Temperance Lesson.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.'—Rom. 14:21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 14:1-13.—The Strong must Bear with the Weak.
T. Rom. 14:14-23.—Must not Abuse their Liberty.
W. Rom. 15:1-14.—For even Christ Pleased not Himself.
Th. 1 Cor. 10:15-33.—All Things Lawful, but all Things not Expedient.
F. Rom. 2:1-16.—All Righteous Judgment of God.
S. 1 Cor. 11:18-31.—Self-Examination Enjoined.
S. 1 Cor. 13:1-13.—Christian Love.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Walking Charitably, vs. 12-15.
II. The Things of God's Kingdom, vs. 16-19.
III. Self-Denial for Others' Sake, vs. 20-23.
TIME.—Spring, A.D. 63; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Chalcis and Galilee.
PLACE.—Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months' residence there of Acts 20:3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16:6.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

12. Every one shall give account for himself.—Matt. 12:36, 37; 2 Cor. 5:10. 13. Let us not therefore—do not judge one another, but determine rather to avoid giving offence. 14. Nothing unclean of itself—the distinction between clean and unclean meats is no longer valid. To him it is unclean—though not unclean in itself, it ought not to be used by those who regard its use as unlawful. 15. If thy brother be grieved—though the thing be right in itself, yet if indulgence in it be injurious to others, that indulgence is a violation of the laws of love. For whom Christ died—if Christ so loved him as to die for him, how base in you not to submit to the smallest self-denial for his welfare! 17. The kingdom of God is not meat—another reason for forbearance; no principle of duty is to be sacrificed. 20. For meat destroy not the work of God—do not, for the sake of indulgence in certain kinds of food, injure the cause of true religion. 21. It is good neither to eat flesh—abstaining from flesh, wine or anything else which is injurious to others is a duty morally binding upon us. 22. Hast thou faith?—Revised Version, 'the faith which thou hast, have thou to thyself before God.' 23. Is damned—is condemned. Whosoever is not of faith is sin—whatever we do which we are not sure is right, is wrong.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. WALKING CHARITABLY, vs. 12-15.—To whom shall we all give account? What is therefore our duty? Of what was the apostle persuaded? Meaning of verse 14? What principle of duty is here taught? What reason is assigned for the duty enjoined? How may this apply to wine-drinking and the use of intoxicating drinks?

II. THE THINGS OF GOD'S KINGDOM, vs. 16-19.—What reason is given for thus regarding the welfare of others? What is here meant by the kingdom of God? In what does true religion consist? How does this passage bear upon the apostle's object? Meaning of verse 18? What is therefore our duty? What bearing has this upon the subject of temperance?

III. SELF-DENIAL FOR OTHERS' SAKE, vs. 20-23.—Meaning of *for meat destroy not the work of God*? On what principle is forbearance here urged? By what rule is the exercise of Christian liberty to be regulated? vs. 15, 20, 21. What principle of morals is taught in verse 23? Under what circumstances is abstinence from meat, wine and other things here said to be duty? How does this apply to wine-drinking in our day? On what other grounds would you enforce the duty of total abstinence?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is often morally wrong to do what, in itself considered, may be innocent.
2. It is wrong to do anything which we think to be wrong.
3. But it is not always right to do what we think to be right.
4. We should be willing to give up our own ease or pleasure or gratification for the good of others.
5. Regard for the evil influence of our example on others, to say nothing of other and higher grounds of obligation, should lead us to abstain from the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. With what important truth does this lesson begin? Ans. So everyone of us shall give account of himself to God.
2. Of what was Paul persuaded? Ans. That the Jewish law about clean and unclean meats was not binding on Christians.
3. How did some Christians feel on this subject? Ans. They were in great doubt whether this distinction was done away.
4. What did Paul say was the duty of those who had these doubts? Ans. They ought to abstain entirely from the things about the use of which they were thus doubtful.
5. What did he say for the direction of those who had not these doubts? Ans. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

FOR A WEB BEGUN.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'For a web begun, God sends the thread,
Over and over these words I read,
And I said to myself, with an easy air:
'What need to burden myself with care,
If this be true!
Or attempt to do
More than my duty! For here is proof
That we are to hold ourselves aloof
Until from the Master we receive
The thread for the web we are to weave.'

So day after day, I sat beside
The loom, as if both my hands were tied,
With idle shuttle and slackened warp,
Useless as 'strings' of an untuned harp.

For I took no part,
With hand or heart
In the work of the world. To the cry of need,
The voice of children, I gave no heed.
'When the task is ready for me,' I said,
'God will be sure to supply the thread.'

Others might go in cellars and slums
And weave a web out of scraps and thrums,
Finding excuse for the daily toil,
The reckless waste of life's precious oil;
But as for me,
I could not see.

How I was to follow them, or believe
That the rightful pattern I'd truly weave,
Unless I waited, howe'er time sped,
For God to send me the promised thread.

I had no strength of my own I knew,
No wisdom to guide, or skill to do,
And must wait at ease for the word of com-
mand.

For the message I surely should understand,
Else all in vain
Were the stress and strain,
For the thread would break, and the web be
spoiled,
A poor result for the hours I'd toiled,
And my heart and my conscience would be at
strife
O'er the broken threads of a wasted life.

But all at once, like a gem exhumed,
The word 'begun'—by a light illumed—
From the rest of the text stood boldly out.
By the finger of God revealed no doubt,
And shocked and dazed,
Ashamed, amazed,

I saw, as I had not seen before,
The true meaning the sentence bore,
And read as Belshazzar might have read:
'For a web begun, God sends the thread.'

The man himself, with his mind and heart,
Toward the Holy City must make a start,
Ere he finds in his hands the mystic clew
That shall lead him life's mazes safely through.
And if loom and reel
And spinning-wheel

Idle and empty stand to-day,
We must reason give for the long delay.
Since the voice of the Master has plainly said:
'For a web begun, God sends the thread.'

CHRIST IN THE HOME.

Like many another wife and mother, Mrs. Hanscom found that increasing cares and responsibilities in the family bore hard on sensitive nerves, sensitive feelings, and spirits that were naturally a little too easily ruffled and irritated. Yet like the great majority of women she was an ardent home-lover, a devoted companion and parent, and a sincere Christian. Taking up her religious paper one day she read the following words: 'We wonder how many men and women enter the sanctuary on Sunday morning expecting and intending to take back with them to their homes that which will help them to keep Christ in the household throughout the week.' So manifest had the want of some strong help become to her of late, that Mr. Hanscom gave special heed to the simple inquiry. She had never thought of listening to that sermon with just that motive before. Eager for anything that would prove of real help in the midst of absorbing and oftentimes perplexing cares, it became an immediate resolve to pick something distinctive out of the next discourse it would be her privilege to hear, and put it in a safe niche of memory to be dwelt upon at need during the week following. The sermon bore upon the responsibility of individuals at large in their dealings with their fellow men the next Sunday, and Mrs. Hanscom was beginning to fear that exactly what she wanted was not forthcoming when the minister repeated im-

pressively the words of Paul to the Colossians, 'And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord.' 'I'll take that home,' she thought, 'and after all there's nothing like the dear old Bible for real helpfulness, search where one may.' Things glided along in the usual way, nothing occurring to call for particular strength of resistance until Thursday when 'everything came together in a heap,' as Lois the dusky skinned servant expressed it. And first, Davie and Helen wanted a loaf of nice cake to take to the sociable at the vestry, it being the quarterly meeting of the Y.P.S.C.E., when a supper was usually served. It was imperative, Helen thought, that address which needed finishing touches at her mother's skillful fingers should be ready by evening. Little Carl was fretful in consequence of having passed a restless, bilious night, and to cap the climax, Mr. Hanscom on the way to his office in the morning slipped and fell against a box placed outside a grocer's store, tearing a zigzag rent in his overcoat on a protruding nail.

Here indeed was a complication of duties calling for diligence, patience and forbearance. Mr. Hanscom in extreme aggravation at having his nice overcoat so ruthlessly defaced, talked as persons are apt to under strong provocation. Any one entering the house and knowing nothing of the real facts, would have supposed the entire family to blame for the mishap. Lois, thinking herself 'put upon' in being asked to make an extra loaf of frosted cake, declared she should have no time; any one who had might make it and welcome. Where to begin and how to manage set the poor little woman all of a tremble. It was so unsatisfactory trying to mend a man's coat, yet it was a compliment that her husband thought no one else could begin to make the rent look as nearly invisible as she could. Then the blessed text came into her mind, and she determined to set about doing heartily and willingly the bothersome piece of work. 'As to the Lord!' 'If I could do actual service repairing a garment for the Saviour!' she thought, smiling at the idea, 'how would I bend to the task, so lovingly, so ardently, with such fond ambition to do my very utmost.'

At that she began to sing, and having placed Carl on the bed with his playthings around him, she sang on, mending away meanwhile the very best she could. Then it occurred to her that several little jars had taken place of late in consequence of Lois' independence and unwillingness to perform the least extra labor. She reflected that Lois had been treated with the greatest kindness but only to grow more surly and unwilling. 'I'll go heartily to work getting another girl,' she next thought, 'unless Lois can be more faithful in her department.' Going to the kitchen with an untroubled, placid face, she firmly but pleasantly told the girl that unless she could serve her less grudgingly and really help when help was most needed, she wanted her at once to find another place, and she would supply herself with a more desirable girl. It surprised her to find how free from anxiety she felt on returning to her work. When she went to the kitchen to press the neat work Lois was in tears, saying she never wanted a better place or a kinder mistress. Miss Helen's cake was in the oven, and she was sure the frosting was going to be 'remarkably fine.'

'I should think you liked to mend torn coats,' Davy had remarked, finding his mother telling Carl a droll story with the heavy overcoat in her lap.

'No, my boy, I am simply striving to do it heartily,' she replied.

Evening found a quiet, pleasant household entirely at peace with itself. The different duties had all been performed. Cheerfulness, firmness, and trustfulness had smoothed the way through various difficulties. Among her Christmas and New Year gifts Mrs. Hanscom had two or three little books with texts for each day's help selected. She resolved to read one every morning. Need it be added she found blessed and continued strength supplied through taking one with her—a silent companion and comforter through the succeeding weeks? The influence of Christ in the home, a constant, present aid always near, helped and cheered and steadied her as no earthly friend could have done. And

this is the dear, powerful friend who wants to aid every one. Why not court His presence in the every-day home life? He needs only to be asked, and his hearty help is close at hand.

'Be Thou my strength, O lowly One and saintly! And though unvisioned I'll surround me throng, Yet in the thought of Thee I will be strong.'

—Christian at Work.

THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

Air and light in summer, warmth and air in winter, and comfort the whole year through, are the requirements of the ideal guest chamber. Here should be a bed, springy, cool, soft, but not too soft, with elastic mattress, clean sweet-smelling linen, to accommodate the tired or sleepy head. In the matter of pillows tastes differ, and where one person prefers a hard pillow another person yearns for a downy one, or one likes a large while another can sleep well only on a small pillow. Bolsters which suggest the uncomfortable head-rests of the Japanese are of use for nothing but show. They cannot be slept upon; and a bed, whether elegant or the reverse, is primarily intended for sleeping upon. This should always be considered.

Even in summer no bed is properly furnished without a pair of soft fleecy woollen blankets, which should invariably be put on with the open fold at the top, so that one thickness may be thrown off if desirable. An extra wrap should lie on the bed's foot. When the maid turns down the bed-clothes at night, removing all spreads and shams if those are favored by the house-keeper, she should place the soft duvet, which may be needed before morning, where the occupant of the bed can easily get it at will.

The bureau in the guest chamber will always have a drawer or two empty and at the service of the guest. So should there be ordinary pins, both black and white, with a supply of sheet pins in both colors and several sizes, sewing materials too, for the guest may need to make some slight repairs, and have not the materials at hand to do it.

Abundance of water is a comfort not to be foregone in any sleeping-room, and should certainly be provided in that of a guest. A good quality of toilet soap should be provided, and plenty of fresh towels, and these should be replenished daily, the soiled ones removed, and their places taken by those which are clean and smoothly ironed.

For the rest, a closet or wardrobe where the guest may hang her gowns and her bonnet, a lounge, an easy-chair, and a few books will make the chamber attractive. There ought, if possible, to be a picture or two on the walls, writing materials should be supplied, a pitcher of ice-water taken up every night—in brief, nothing neglected which will conduce to the guest's pleasure or repose.

Do not let the children romp or cry in halls when the visitor is taking an afternoon nap, and do not forget that a few bright sweet flowers in a little vase will carry messages of love you may be too shy or too modest to speak except in their syllables.—*Hurper's Bazaar.*

THE TREATMENT OF BURNS.

Every little while one reads some exhaustive treatise on the treatment of burns and scalds, said treatise almost always ending up with the recommendation to use lime-water and oil. While there may be somewhere in medical science some excellent reason for the employment of this compound, one cannot but wonder how such a curious mixture ever came into favor. One might die from exhaustion, from pain, before either of these ingredients could be procured and properly prepared for use; besides, not everyone understands managing them. Why not use a remedy within the reach of everyone, something that almost every pantry affords and which has been thoroughly tested and found in every way to answer all the demands of a remedy? At the very first possible moment grasp a handful of lard, such as is used for cooking purposes, and smear it over the burned surface. This answers until the regular remedy can be prepared, which consists simply of a paste of flour and lard made as soft as it can be handled. This is spread about half an inch thick upon a cloth and applied to the injured parts.

Let it remain until it begins to crumble, which can be readily ascertained by raising the corner of the cloth. The application must then be renewed, great care being necessary in taking off the old plaster that the surface of the skin is not broken. If it sticks at any point, it is much better to leave it than to run any risk of irritating the hurt and possibly causing a deep sore. The number of applications will depend upon the nature of the burn. Sometimes it is necessary to renew the plaster a dozen times, and it is worth while to do this if the burn is deep. In other cases one or two will be quite sufficient. The burned flesh absorbs all of the oil from the plaster, and the flour serves to keep the air from it and, if carefully managed, there will scarcely be any pain after the lard is put on.

It is sometimes desirable to give a soothing mixture and allow the patient to sleep, for burns are extremely exhausting, and great care should be taken with the diet, and every effort made to keep the system in a state of repose.

If a very large surface is injured, there is danger to life, but this may almost always be avoided by the immediate application of the lard. It is safe to assert that the average of fatal cases could be reduced more than half in this course of treatment were persisted in. Cases have been known where very large surfaces have been deeply burned, and the patient has recovered without leaving a scar when treated this way. Drugs and chemicals are best left alone in such emergencies, simple treatment, absolute quiet and a moderate amount of plain, nourishing food almost always insuring a safe and speedy recovery.—*Jenness Miller.*

HOW TO COOK SALT PORK.

To make it an attractive dish, slice moderately thin and even; soak over night in plenty of cold water, if very fat; roll it in flour and fry a light brown. Serve on a plate free from the grease. Never send it to the table swimming in grease. If there are streaks of lean, soak over night in milk and water, and omit the flour when you fry it. Served in either way it never fails to be eaten in our house.—*Eveline Pine.*

GRASS STAINS.

Molasses rubbed on grass stains on white dresses and under garments, will bring out the stains when the clothing is washed.

RECIPES.

HANDY PUDDING.—Fill a well-greased pudding-dish with fruit, fresh or canned; cover with a rich, sweetened, biscuit dough. Serve with or without cream or other sauce.

CODFISH BALLS.—One pint of well-washed cod-fish, picked up fine; one quart of raw potatoes, cut in bits. Boil together till done. Drain, mash, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two well-beaten eggs, and pepper. Mix thoroughly and drop like fritters, into boiling fat. Garnish with lettuce, parsley, or other green leaf.

Who has ever tried serving lemon cut in slices with the tea? This is a healthful drink and gives a delicious flavor; in using lemon, of course milk must be omitted. Let the slices of lemon be very thin; the shaving of peel and pulp is sufficient; for an ordinary cup use just enough to correct the flavor and not injure the taste.

STEWED ELDERBERRIES.—To two quarts of clean, fresh elderberries, add one-half a pint of good vinegar and sugar to taste. Simmer gently half an hour. These will keep well, if canned for winter use.

RHUBARB TART.—Scrape the stalks, cut into small bits and stew in a very little water. When tender take from the fire and sweeten. Have ready some open shells of pastry, freshly baked. Fill with the fruit and sift sugar on top. Eat warm or cold, never hot.

SALT aids other solvents, as benzine, ammonia or alcohol, in removing grease spots, and gives a brilliant white light if a little is dissolved in kerosene.

ORANGE ICE.—One and one-half pints of sugar, three pints of water, the juice of eighteen medium-sized oranges and two large lemons. Boil the sugar and water thirty minutes. Strain the orange juice and add to the other mixture after it has become lukewarm. When cold freeze like ice cream.

CHUTNEY SAUCE.—Take twelve green sour apples two green peppers, six green tomatoes, four onions, one cupful of raisins, a quart of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of mustard seed and salt, and one of powdered sugar, and two cupfuls of brown sugar. Seed the raisins and peppers, then add tomatoes and onions and chop very fine. Put the vinegar, sugar and spices on to boil, add the chopped mixture and simmer one hour. Then add the apples, pared and cored, and cook slowly until soft. Seal in small bottles. An excellent East Indian relish.

I NEVER THOUGHT.

BY REV. GEORGE F. HUNTING.

I never thought my friend could die so soon,
His morning not yet ripened into noon;
I never thought that June might have its frost,
O God, I never thought he could be lost!

I never thought my child could pass away
Just at the dawning of life's little day;
That he, so wild, so wayward and untaught,
Could die, O God, forgive! I never thought!

I never thought my glowing, golden sun
Could set and leave my life-work all undone.
The day has been so glad and gay and bright,
O God, I never thought it could be night!

'Never thought!' Oh wretched, worthless plea!
When God, thy God, O man, shall challenge thee,
Shall this be thy defence, this thy reply?
Hear then thy sentence, 'Thou shalt surely die.'

Day is the time to sow the golden grain,
Night to regret thy indolence in vain;
Day is the time to reap the fertile soil,
Night is the time to rest thee from thy toil.

Life is thy day, thy day to think and do;
Death is thy night—night to rejoice or rue,
Life is thy seed-time; do thy very best,
Death is thy harvest, to regret or rest.

—American Messenger.

'THAT WHICH IS LEAST.'

BY MINNIE WILLIS BAINES-MILLER.

Everett Barnard was a farmer's son, the youngest of a large family, and lived in the country. His father's farm had many acres, each year, in corn and wheat; but the old orchard, with its rows of gnarled and twisted apple-trees, interspersed here and there with a few peach-trees, had been neglected, and was dying out. Year after year the fruit became less attractive and tempting. No scions from superior stock had been grafted on the branches of the trees, so when an unfruitful season, brought about by drought and the depredations of a troublesome fly, arrived, the Barnard Orchard gave practically no harvest whatever.

This troubled Everett. He was only ten years old; and he knew nothing about the hygienic effects of the use of fruit upon the human system. Unconsciously, however, he agreed with the scientists that fruit is a good thing to indulge in on almost all occasions, and his inability to do this made him feel that he was ill used.

He was sitting under a tree, one beautiful autumn morning, reading 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' and wishing that he could be wrecked on a desert island where people have a greater variety of luxuries than they had 'even over to Xenia,' which was his beau ideal of a city, a place where the boys did not have to do chores, as they do on farms. While he was thinking, he heard his mother's voice, from the vicinity of the back door, calling, 'Ev'rit!

The boy kept very quiet and in a moment more, with a rising inflection in the tone, and increased emphasis on the first syllable of the name, came the call: 'Ev'rit! Ev'rit!

'Wonder what she wants,' muttered he. 'A fellow never gets any rest around this place.'

'Everitt!' called his mother once more, infusing a surprising amount of energy into each separate syllable of his name. Something in this enunciation seemed to tell him that the time in which to make his appearance and response had now arrived.

'Yes, ma'am!' replied he, closing the fascinating volume, and rising in such close proximity to her that he seemed like one of the genii of the Arabian Nights coming up out of the ground.

'Bless me!' exclaimed she; 'I do believe you heard me every time I called.'

Everett affirmed not, neither did he deny; so, after looking at him sternly for a moment, she said, 'Reuben's got another chill, and you've got to saddle Jack and go up to old Mis' Parson's and get some of her cure for ague.'

Everett looked regretfully at the back of the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and tentatively inquired: 'Why don't you get some quinine over to Dr. Snither's? Heard Jim Flanders telling Mike Fahey that it was enough sight better for the shakes than old woman's roots and arbs; cured all the Flanders family from baby up.'

'I don't hold with no doctors,' said Mrs. Barnard, shortly; 'kill more folks than they ever cure. Doctors! Humph!' Mrs.

Barnard sniffed angrily at the very thought. What should a doctor, who had spent years of time and study in acquiring his profession, and other years in its practice, know about the curing of disease, compared with 'old Mis' Parson's,' who didn't know the difference between the liver and pancreas, and had never even so much as heard of the spleen?

'All right,' said Everett, in a tone that assumed that it was all wrong; 'thought you wanted Reub to get well, but if you don't—'

'Everett,' said she, ignoring this grow-some remark, 'you pay close attention to all the directions. Wait a minute.'

She went into the house, and returned with a pencil and a piece of paper, which she handed to him. 'Write down the directions. I misdoubt Mis' Parson's being much of a scholar.'

Everett took the paper and went his way.

'Mis' Parson's' lived alone, save for a young grandson, and she kept a fierce dog, Everett was fond of dogs in general, but he liked this one a good way off. As this dog came bounding into view from behind some sunflower stalks, and lifted up spirited protests against receiving guests on this particular day, Everett thought it was not worth while to go in; so he sat on his horse outside, and called out 'Hello!'

In response to this call Mrs. Parsons appeared, broomstick in hand, and drove the dog from the field. Then she came up to the fence, pulled down her glasses from the top of her head, and peered at her visitor.

'Sho! Why if 't ain't Barnard's boy. Come in; come right in.'

'Can't this time, thank you. I'm in a sort of a hurry. My brother Reuben's got the shakes. Had 'em now for a good bit, and don't get no better. Folks sent me over for some of your doctor's stuff, if you'd please be so kind.'

'Bless the child's heart! Of course I will. Be back in a minute. Don't take no account of that dog if he does bark. He only does it to amuse himself.'

With this Mrs. Parsons toddled into the house, and soon returned with a bunch of herbs and a paper of bark, which she handed to the boy. 'Now tell your mother—'

'Wait a bit,' said he, fumbling in his pocket, and bringing out his writing materials, and making a desk of the crown of his hat.

'What a thing it is to be a scholar!' said she, admiringly.

And this is what the 'scholar' wrote at her dictation:—

'Stu these yere arbs in a pinter watter, and steep the bark in annuther pinte. Micks um tergether with 2 cups Storo Shuggar, and giv rouben a taible spoonfull evry our. kork tite.'

Then old Mrs. Parsons brought some cookies out to Everett, which he ate as he rode along.

Suddenly he gave an astonished exclamation, and pulled Jack up very unceremoniously.

He had come in sight of Mrs. Parson's orchard, and he sat and gazed admiringly at the bowed limbs.

'Nothin' seems to ail them trees,' said he. 'Luscious, and loads of 'em lying on the ground. I might as well have some of 'em as to have 'em rot, or feed the pigs.'

Then he guided Jack carefully alongside the rail fence dividing the orchard from the road, and climbed down on the other side of it. He took out of his pocket a red pocket handkerchief belonging to his father, and filled it with fruit. He also utilized his jacket and trousers pockets for as many of the apples as they would hold. Then he remounted his horse and pursued his journey home.

'Did you bring it?' asked Mrs. Barnard, meeting him at the big gate, as he approached the house. 'Reuben's shook ever since you've been gone.'

'Yes ma'am,' said he, handing over the desired remedies, and reaching for the scholarly directions.

'What's that done up in that handkercher?' asked she, sharply.

'Them? Oh them's apples.'

'Where did you got them?'

'Out of Mis' Parson's orchard. There's loads of 'em there.'

'Did she say you could have them?'

'Why, no, not exactly. That is—I

s'pose she would, only she was n't there when I came along by the orchard.'

'And have I got a son that will steal?'

'Steal?' repeated the boy, faintly, a great red flush coming up over his freckled face and forehead. 'Why—'t was n't only a few apples, and they's laying on the ground.'

'Things that you take, without asking, from other people, are stolen,' said his mother severely.

'But I—,' began Everett.

'You go right straight back to old Mis' Parson's and give them apples back; and tell her you stole them.'

Everett felt bound to obey. So, turning the horse, he rode sullenly away.

About an hour later, old Mrs. Parson's dog rushed around the sunflower thicket at the side of the house, and began to amuse himself with a few furious growls and barks, which almost curdled the blood in Everett's young veins.

The dog's mistress made a second appearance, with the historic implement of witchcraft in hand; and in answer to a very reluctant and quivering 'Hollo' she said, 'Why it's Barnard's boy again. Is Reuben worse?'

Everett did not look in her face. He hung his head and shook it feebly.

'Why what is the matter? That bull of old man Ernst's did n't get after you, did he?'

Another shake of the head, an ineffectual attempt to speak, which ended in a breaking voice and a shower of tears, and Everett threw the red bandanna and its contents over the fence into the yard.

'Why, I 'most think you're took with something catching,' said the good old soul solicitously, as she picked up the bundle to examine it.

'No, I ain't, either,' said he gaining the courage of desperation. 'I took something with me; some of your apples out of the orchard; and mother said I's a thief, and made me bring them back. I did n't think 't was anything like stealing.'

'La, me!' said she; 'your mother's like them Spartan women the schoolma'am used to read about in a book. Not that 't was right to take them along without asking, of course. If you'd only come and asked me, I'd 'a given you a wagon-load of them.'

'I did n't think nothing about it being stealing,' said Everett, mournfully.

'Well, now,' said she; 'the sin's in the intention, we all know; but I reckon that mother of yours was in the right of it, too; for like's not, if she had n't given you this lesson, which is sorter severe, it's true, you might 'a gone on, kinder not thinking like, and got into wuss trouble than this. Was your folks out to meeting, Sunday?'

Everett shook his head.

'Thought I did n't see none of you; though I did n't wait in the graveyard to shake hands with nobody. That new minister he preached a powerful sermon. Took his text from somewhere in Luke; I disremember where; but I know what 'twas:

'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.' And he said 't was just the faithfulness to duty and virtue, in little things that make up the sum of our characters. I think that's sound sense, now. If it's wrong to lie fibbing's jest the same; and if we must not—she hesitated a moment out of respect to the boy's feelings, then went bravely on, 'if we must n't steal, we must let everything that's somebody's else strictly alone. You did n't think, Ev'rit; I'm pointedly sure you did n't think. You are as welcome as the flowers in May to them apples, and—as he began to unload his pockets—'all you 've got about you. Fact is, I shall feel right sorry if you don't take them along. Sam Seys is going down your way with a load of fodder to-morrow, and I'll get him to clear out some of them apples and bring them over to your folks. Neighbors ought to be neighborly; that's what I always say.'

Then she forced the bundle into Everett's reluctant hand, which she patted tenderly, saying, as she did so, 'There's the making of a man in you, my boy; only young creatures has to be careful about the habits they form.'

I hesitate to say how skillful Mrs. Parson's method of treatment proved to be in Reuben's case; but in that of Reuben's brother it was a decided success.—Golden Rule

OLIVE OR OLEASTER?

There is a counterfeit of the olive tree which naturalists called the 'oleaster.' It bears a close resemblance in many external features to the genuine tree; but it yields no fruit. Ah, how many such get set out in the plantations of the Church! When I see a man taking up a large space in Christ's orchard and yielding not even one percent of godliness, I say, 'There is an oleaster!' When I hear a professor of religion glib in the store or the stock exchange and yet silent in the prayer room—ready to speak for anybody but his Saviour—I say, 'Ah, what an oleaster!' When I hear of a church member going from the communion table to the deals and the dickers of the party caucus, I say, 'Behold an oleaster!' When I hear a brother pray glibly that he may 'provide things honest in the sight of all men,' and then send his customers away with sleazy fabrics or cheap adulterations, I think to myself, 'You are as arrant a cheat as an oleaster.' When a garrulous 'sister' sheds tears under the pathetic stories of returned missionaries, and goes home to grind a dime out of an overworked laundress or to turn off a sick servant to languish or die in an attic, I want to whisper in her ear, 'Madam, you may be fluent in your professions of holiness, but your oleaster bears 'nothing but leaves!'

The growth of an olive tree may be slow, but it is steady and sure. Such is the growth of a fruit-bearing Christian. A solid, godly character is not to be finished up during a revival or by the mere religion of Sundays and sacraments. Regeneration may plant the roots of grace; but the trunk of character is built up in the solid fibre of Christ within the soul, the boughs spread broadly to the sunlight, and in the face of all men the 'tree is known by its fruits.'—Dr. Cuyler.

BISMARCK'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

Prince Bismarck received a non-political deputation at Friedrichshagen—the masters and boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium.

The ex-Chancellor gave the young fellows some good advice as to the manner in which they should utilize their time at the University, and then spoke of his love for music. He said: 'I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up as it bored me to practise. Afterwards, I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made.'

No less useful were a few words against excessive thought for the morrow which oppresses a great many people.

'If you put your trust in God and yourself,' said the Prince, 'you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.'—London Daily News Berlin Correspondence.

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness—it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses, and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents; he is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins—they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls, who are soon to be our men and women, would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.

THE CHAQUIS OF THE ANDES.

The chaquis of the Andes is a professional runner, or messenger. Men of this class are found among all the Indian tribes of North as well as South America. They are as much a necessity as our postal system or our telegraph; but nowhere have they been organized, among any savage or semi-barbarous race, as they were under the Incas.

In that strange, mysterious empire which lay between the Pacific and the Cordilleras, and was before its brutal devastation by the Spaniards, as civilized in many respects as ancient Egypt or Phoenicia, message-bearing was a distinct occupation. Men were chosen for it by reason of their physical qualifications, and were trained to speed and endurance.

They were organized and uniforms, and when they became incapacitated by age or accident, less arduous duties were given them in the army or about the court of the Inca.

When the Spanish invaders re-entered Peru they wondered how the Indians were able to anticipate their movements. Every sign of their approach was communicated instantly over the entire empire. In time they discovered that there was an organized system of runners, who carried the news with amazing speed, passing it from one to another over a distance of five hundred miles in fifty hours, and sometimes less, across the snow covered mountains and barren deserts.

Along the ancient Camino Real, the royal highway of the Incas, the great road that has excited so much wonder and admiration in later days, the houses in which relays of chaquis were permanently lodged are still to be found in a pretty good state of preservation. They were arranged at different intervals according to the difficulties of the road.

If it was steep and rocky they were near together, but if the path was level and easy to a runner they were usually eight and ten miles apart. These houses were erected on hillocks, so that they might be used as points of observation from which the approach of messengers could be seen at a distance. As one arrived, heated and breathless, another would be ready to receive the message and carry it to the next station without an instant's delay.

Sometimes the Inca communicated with his generals or other officials, by signs. A ring or a piece of wood, or a leaf might be transmitted along the line, which meant nothing to the man who bore it, or to the people who might see it in his hand, but was full of meaning to him for whom it was intended.

As a proof of the speed of these chaquis, it is said that the royal table at Cuzco or at Quito was often served with fresh sea-fish caught thirty or forty hours before at a distance now covered in from six to ten days by the ordinary traveller.

Along the Inca highway are to be seen ruins of immense structures, built of rough stone, in the form of a hollow square. These were called tambos, and were used as lodging-houses for the Inca and his court when he passed from one part of his dominions to another.

The chaquis still exists. He is seen in nearly every town and village, and is employed by the government, by merchants, and by private individuals who have packages or messages to send into the country.

There are very few telegraphic facilities in the interior of South America, and the Incas are carried on mules and pack animals back. The postal contractors are usually arrieros who make a business of carrying freight, with pack trains, and they hold the mails until they have a cargo of goods. Therefore, merchants who have orders to send usually employ chaquis; and as they are not paid more than twelve or fifteen cents a day, their service is economical as well as speedy.

In time of war the chaquis are useful, as they have many of the instincts, and much of the skill of scouts, and being familiar with the byways as well as the highways, often are able to pass through the lines of the enemy without being discovered.

I saw once in Peru a chaquis by the name of Qualinambo, bird-chaquis—a famous fellow very swift of foot, and almost incapable of fatigue, who, during the war with Chili, was employed by General Oceresa, President of Peru. Bird-chaquis

has been known to carry a message two hundred and fifty miles without rest or sleep, through the enemy's country, and to return with the answer within a week.

The chaquis seldom carries food with him, but picks it up on his way as he can. If he finds none, the coca leaf that he is constantly chewing not only satisfies his hunger, but stimulates his nerves. It is the most powerful nerve tonic known to the chemists.

He carries his coca leaves in a little buckskin bag about his neck, with another bag in which he has a sort of potato made from potato skins. This, when mixed with the coca, brings out its strength and increases the saliva.

The chaquis has little idea of either time or distance. He goes until he is tired, stops as long as he likes, and reaches his destination when God pleases. Distance is sometimes estimated by the amount of coca used. He will say that he can make a given journey while he is chewing twenty quids; and one usually lasts him an hour.

The profession of the chaquis, like every thing else which the Spaniards in Peru

It is always difficult, and usually impossible, for the unaccustomed traveller to go on foot among the Cordilleras, because the diminished atmospheric pressure causes extreme lassitude, difficulty in breathing, and often more serious symptoms, which have resulted fatally.

It is dangerous for persons of great flesh or weak lungs, or who are afflicted with heart disease, to enter the higher altitudes; and if they are compelled to do so they should avoid exertion as much as possible. Yet the chaquis run on the heights as elsewhere.

Another scourge of the traveller is the disease known as surrump, a violent inflammation of the eyes caused by the reflection of the tropic sun upon the snows.

The maresfed air and the fierce winds keep the nerves of the eyes in a state of constant irritation. The pain of the surrump is the most intense that can be imagined, and often brings on delirium.

Such trouble the mountain chaquis must contend with, but his physical endurance is proof against them.—William Elery Curtis, in Youth's Companion.



A CHAQUIS RUNNER.

have inherited from the pre-historic empire, has depreciated in its usefulness and effectiveness. There is no longer any organization, and the runners are becoming lazy and untrustworthy, chiefly, I suppose, because they are not fairly treated and receive little encouragement.

In the tropics and on the lower levels the movements of the chaquis are not impeded by clothing, for he goes as nearly naked as possible; but in the mountains, where at night the atmosphere is always cold, and he is in constant danger of being overtaken by furious storms, he dresses accordingly.

His clothing, like his demeanor, is dull and sombre. He may have a striped poncho, but dark blue is his favorite color. He wears a shirt of llama wool, and thick trousers of the same material, which reach only to his knees, and are fastened at his waist with a girdle.

On his feet he wears sandals of untanned leather, fastened by strings that pass over his great toe and around his ankle. In winter and in snowy latitudes he pulls on a pair of long, coarse woolen stockings, but in summer he goes barelegged, and paints his flesh with a vegetable dye as a protection against poisonous vines and the bites of insects.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

The editor of the *Sunday-School Times* recently asked Robert J. Burdette to reply to the inquiry of a correspondent who wished a few points on church etiquette. His reply is in a characteristic vein.

It may be by some mistake you happen into the church of the Samaritans. You have no dealings with these fellows, and you would back out as soon as you see where you are going; but the Samaritans are wide awake, with some very informal notions about church etiquette. The sexton standing on the porch sees you are a stranger, and the minute you pause in front of the church you are his, and he passes you on through the wide-open door almost before you know it. An old deacon in the vestibule has you by the hand at once, and introduces you to 'our church clerk,' adding as he reaches your part of the introduction, 'I don't exactly know your name,' as though he used to know it like a book, and has a pretty good feeling of it in his own quiet place you. An usher at the door is ready for you and you are shown a seat. The older you are the better seat you get. If you hint to the young fellow leading you forward that your hearing is a little near sighted, he'll get you the best seat in

the house, even if he has to ask a resident Samaritan to give it to you. Somebody pushes a hassock toward you; a child in the next pew hands you a hymn book; an old lady hands you a Bible into your hands. The minister looks as though he had seen you before and was glad to see you again.

Before you get fairly out of the pew, after service, somebody has you by the hand, telling you he is glad to see you, the pastor is asking you to come again, the usher is telling you the hour of evening service, the superintendent is giving you an invitation to stay for Sabbath school, and when a little ashamed of the way you tried to back out, you say, rather meekly, you are a member of the Church of Jerusalem yourself, they say reassuringly: 'Oh, that's all right; there isn't much difference between the Samaritans and the Church of Jerusalem now; many of your people drop in to see us on their way to Jericho'; the deacon tells you 'he got the best view in the world out of the Church of Jerusalem'; and so you have a good time, and go away with a new glow in your heart that, if it wasn't Sabbath school, in town, you'd take off your coat. You see, it is just here; the Samaritans feel at home in their church, and consequently they know just how to make strangers feel at home.

Get acquainted in your own church; feel at home there yourself; get into the habit of frequenting the house during the week; and on Sabbath attend both services and the Sabbath school—see how easily the workers of the hive and the little people receive and entertain guests—and you will soon find yourself as cordial and warm-hearted as those who are at home in the Church of the Samaritans, and you won't ask for a letter of introduction and counter-signed credentials before passing a hymn book to a stranger. And remember always the injunction of Peter, 'an apostle of Jesus Christ.' Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.

THE GIFT OF THE KNEES.

All men and women of power are men and women of prayer. They have the gift of the knees. 'Waiting on the Lord' by prayer has the same effect on them that it has on an empty bucket to set it under a rainpout. They get filled. The time spent in waiting upon God is not wasted time. 'I have so much to do,' said Martin Luther, 'that I cannot get on with less than two hours a day in praying.' When I have heard Spurgeon pray, I have not been astonished at some of his discourses. He had fed his lamp with oil from the King's vessels, and his sermons were full of light.—Dr. Outler.

MAP SONG.

First the line on coast we make,
Micron next, a marshy lake,
Then those of Galilee,
Exactly east of Carmel sea.

The Jordan river flows through both
To the Dead sea on the south;
And the Great sea westward lies
Stretching for a hundred miles.

Looking northward you may view
Lebanon and Hermon too,
Carmel and Gilboa grim,
Take Jezreel, Gerasa, and
Near Jerusalem we see
Olivet and Calvary,
Judea's hills rise east and west
Of lonely Nobe's loving crest.

On Zion stands Jerusalem,
Six miles south is Bethlehem,
On Olivet's slope is Bethany,
Bethsura by Jordan sea.
Our Saviour drank at Sychar's well,
Of bygone days the Nazareth well,
At Cana water turned to wine
Showed our Lord to be divine.

Capernaum by Galilee
Near his twin Bethsaida see,
Cesarea Philippi
At Hermon's base is seen to lie.
Along the coast these three appear,
Cana, Tyre, and Sidon fair,
South to Bethel we may go,
To Ephraim next and Jericho.

From Beathan Tyre materials
To build a temple to God's name,
The sorrowing widow's son at Nain
Jesus raised to life again.
See Dan, where Jordan's waters rise;
Bethsaida, nearer tropic skies;
North and south the Dead Sea roll,
And mark the length of Israel's land.

—Zion's Herald.



In a moment the Engineer caught Eric in his arms and rushed with him on to the dock.

LOST ON BOARD SHIP.

(From Pall Mall Budget.)

A great ship was homeward bound from distant Australia to dear England. Among the passengers was a little boy some four years old. He was a beautiful child, with big, fearless brown eyes and clustering, golden-brown curls, and he was so sweet-tempered and merry that it was no wonder he was the pet of all the passengers and the crew. The little fellow's history was a sad one, and that was another reason why all on board were so kind to him. His poor young father and mother had both died of fever in Australia, and a lady who had been his parents' friend, and his governess, was bringing him to England to his only relative, an old bachelor uncle. I have said that Eric (that was not his real name, but it will do to call him, by) was beloved by all on board that great ship, but there was some one whose especial pet he was, and that some one was the chief engineer, who had lost some years ago his only child (a boy of Eric's age) by a sad accident. So whenever the chief engineer came off duty Eric was generally to be found with him; he would come into his cabin when he was having his meals, and sit on the floor clattering merrily while he built a fort from his bricks or rigged a gallant man-of-war with his big friend's help.

But one day the ship's passengers and crew received a terrible shock when it was suddenly discovered that the pet and play-fellow of the moving town could nowhere be found.

It was the chief engineer who made the dreadful fact known when he came off duty, and did not as usual see his small friend anywhere. At first the one fact much alarmed about not finding him. A ship is a big place; there were a hundred passengers on board, and it was quite natural to think he might be among them some where, but as the moments went by and the repeated inquiry, "Have you seen Eric?" was always answered, "No," people began to be anxious; every likely nook and cranny was searched, but, alas! no welcome vision of a laughing face and tumbled curly head rewarded their toil, and at last the awful conviction was forced upon them that the child must have fallen overboard. He was always very fond of leaning over

the ship's side to watch the white foam dashing up in her rapid course, and must in doing so have overbalanced himself and fallen into the sea when no one was near. How can I describe the grief of all on board when they realized their pet was gone from them, and in such a sad way. Women with dear boys and girls at home wept bitterly, and even strong men did not disdain to show their grief; and the chief engineer was heart-broken, for he had learnt to love the merry child as dearly as his own. The time dragged wearily by; the hapless search had lasted for some hours, and the ship that but a little while ago had been full of life and mirth was plunged in silence and gloom. The chief engineer went sadly into his cabin. He thought thankfully that the missing child had no parents to mourn his loss. And yet how he should miss his merry little face peeping in upon him. Half absent the good man roamed about his tiny cabin touching one thing and another, and ever recalling his dear small friend. At last he came to a standstill by his bunk, the curtains of which, as was frequently the case, were drawn. Without thinking he put his hand out and parted them; his fingers touched something soft and warm. He looked close—and then he uttered a cry of joy, for before him lay, as snug as a bird in its nest, the long-sought child. In a moment the engineer caught him up in his arms, and rushed with him on to the deck, where most of the passengers were standing about, talking sadly together, and then—when they caught sight of the little figure upheld triumphantly in the big man's arms, there was a moment's astonished silence; and what a noise there was as cheer after cheer rang out upon the still, hot air, and the joyful cry, "Found, found!" rang through the ship. And that one small boy bid fair to be killed with kindness as they clustered round him begging to know the tale of his disappearance. He told them in his childish way how he had become tired of playing in the morning and had wandered off to find "Mr. Engineer," and how he thought then, he would like to creep into the cosy bunk, and at last, with the result we have seen. At seemed such a simple place to have hidden in, and escaped discovery so long. But this is a true tale, and only goes to prove

how we often never see what may be just under our eyes, and as the old saying says: "Hide in haste, ne'er be found."

This is a very small story, you will say; but there is a sequel to it that makes it worth remembering. When the ship reached England, and the time came for Eric to be given up to the guardianship of his unknown uncle, the engineer accompanied him to his new home and offered to adopt the child he had learned to love so well.

The old uncle was not fond of children; in fact, he was wondering what he should do with Eric, and after a little inquiry he gave to the honest sailor's wishes. So Eric became the son of his dear Mr. Engineer; and the years went on, and he became a big boy, and then nothing would satisfy him but to follow the profession of his adopted father. So he became an engineer, and a clever one, too; and in one of the big harbor towns of England there are two great bridges designed and constructed by him.

It was while staying in this town that I made the acquaintance of a white-haired old gentleman of sailor-like aspect, living in a pretty rose-covered cottage opposite the busy harbor, and it was he who one day told me this little tale.

TOM'S RIGHTS.

"They'd no right to do that." This is what Tom said when the boys ran across the lawn or stepped on his mother's flower bed in search of a bull; and "She'd no business with my things," when baby broke his toys.

His older brother called him "The Keeper of the Family Conscience." Whatever that meant, it kept Tom so busy that he could not listen to the words that his conscience said to him.

"Don't handle them," Miss Lester called from the schoolhouse steps, when she saw him playing with a load of bricks which had been left in the next lot, a vacant one.

"It's out of school hours and she's no right to boss me," so he kept on and piled them up in towers, until they fell over, or stood them on end in long rows, and with a push of his foot "made a snake," as he called it.

If those were your father's bricks he wouldn't wish them handled so roughly, Miss Lester said to Tom in the afternoon. "He would care," he answered in so gruff a tone that it proved that he hadn't time to take care of his manners.

"What business is it of hers?" he said quite low to the other boys. He continued to build towers and make snakes, though he was careful to do so out of school hours.

One morning at the breakfast table Tom's father said, "I ordered some bricks a week ago. I must call and see why Mr. Swan hasn't sent them." "He ought to 'bring them when you tell him," said Tom looking up from his toast.

"Perhaps at his first name is Thomas he forgets," answered his father. "Men oughtn't to forget," thought the son.

He came home at night earlier than usual, for the bricks were gone from the vacant lot. In his own yard, two or three "little fellows," as he called them, were making the bricks from a pile which had been left since noon, and were making a stable for their horses. "Don't touch them. They're my father's," and you've no right in this yard," and the boys drove their horses off down the street in a great hurry.

"Half of them are broken," his father said, as he looked the bricks over. "He ought to send whole ones, hadn't he?" said Tom, felt sure of sympathy this time. "He did, but they were left at the wrong place, and some boy has been playing with them."

"He'd no right to, he ought to have let them alone." "Yes, he ought," Miss Lester tried to have him, but he said—"The sentence wasn't finished, because there was no one to talk to."

Tom looked ashamed at the supper table, but no further mention was made of the affair.

After that when Tom began, "He'd no right—" he stopped suddenly, and before long he had left it off entirely. About this time other people noticed that he had become thoughtful for the rights of others.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Good gymnastics for the tongue are found in the following collection made in the London *Tad-Bis*. Each selection should be read aloud, the shyness being repeated half a dozen times in quick succession.

Six thick, thick sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying-fish.
The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us.
High roller, low roller, lower roller.
Give Grimes Jim's great gig gig whip.
A box of mixed biscuits is a mixed biscuit box.

Two toads, totally tired, tried to trot to Tebury.

Strict, strong Stephen Striver snared slyly six sickly sly snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea: swim, swim, swim; swan swam back again: well swam, swam.

It is a shame, Sam, those are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam.

A haddock haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shined shoes and socks; socks and shoes shined Susan. She cansteth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shined Susan.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Oliver Ogglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. If Oliver Ogglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where is the owl and oyster? Oliver Ogglethorp ogled an owl and oyster.

Hobbs meers Snobs and Nobbs? Hobbs nobbs to Snobs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobs and nobbs Nobbs's nobbs. "That is," says Nobbs, "the worse for Hobbs's nobbs," and Snobs nobbs.

Sammy Shoemith saw a shrieking songster. Did Sammy Shoemith see a shrieking songster? If Sammy Shoemith saw a shrieking songster, where's the shrieking songster? Sammy Shoemith saw?

"I went into the garden to gather some blades, and there I saw two sweet pretty babes." "Ah, babes, is that you, babes, the bridling of blades?" "If you braid any blades at all, babes, braid broad blades, babes, or braid no blades at all, babes."

As I was going down the street I saw two bootblacks; one was a black bootblack and the other a white bootblack, and both had black boots as well as blacking brushes. The black bootblack asked the white bootblack to black his, the black bootblack, black boots, with blacking. The white bootblack consented to black the black boots of the black bootblack with blacking, but when the white bootblack, had blacked one black boot of the black bootblack, with blacking, he, the white bootblack, refused to black his, the black bootblack's other black boot, with blacking unless he, the black bootblack, paid him, the white bootblack, the same as what he, the white bootblack, got for blacking other people's black boots; whereupon the black bootblack grew still blacker in the face, called the white bootblack a black-guard, at the same time booting the white bootblack with the black boot that he, the white bootblack, had already blacked with blacking.

SUNDAY OR MONDAY.

A letter from a Christian man of large experience in the Newfoundland fisheries contains a statement of fact and a query about it bearing on the observance of God's law of the Sabbath: "A fleet of well-fitted steamers left for the ice this morning for the first time of the season. I will tell you, men were asked when they signed the roll, 'Will you work on Sunday?' If the answer was 'No,' they were told, 'We do not want you.' Hitherto it has been optional, men keeping Sunday or not, as they preferred. This year every steamer went out with the same intention. I will tell you, 'Sunday or Monday.' Well, it was the worst voyage on record. They missed the seals altogether, passed inside of them, went far to the north while the bulk of the seals were within 200 miles of St. John's. Was their judgment baffled by God?"

Michigan Paper.



THE NEW ROVER.

Father, w'akin' brisky homeward,
Glanced down the street,
Looking for a lad to welcome
Him with flying foot.
But no sight or sound of Harry
Till he reached the gate;

Then from Rover's unused kennel
Bobbed a sunny pate.
And a little voice was lifted
With a growl and bark.
"I'm a watch-dog, your new Rover;
I'll protect you, Hark!"
"Ah, indeed, that's quite delightful,

Such a saving, too!
Watch-dogs never care for peaches;
Do you think they do?"

"Ponches in that basket, papa?
Then I'd better play
I'm a boy again—not Rover
Till some other day."

—Child's Paper.

THREE HINDU FABLES.

GREED HATH ITS NEED.

A fox fell into a well, and, unable to get out, was holding to some roots at the side of it, just above the water. A wolf was passing by looked in and saw him, and said, "Well, Reynard, you are in the well."

"But not without a purpose, and not without the means of getting out," said the fox.

"What do you mean?" said the wolf.
"Why," said the fox, "there is a drought all over the country now, and the water in this well is the only means of quenching the thirst of the thousands that live in this neighborhood. They held a meeting and requested me to keep the water from going down lower; so I am holding it up for the public good."

"What will be your reward?" said the wolf.
"They will give me a pension and save

me the trouble of going about every day in quest of food, not to speak of innumerable other privileges that will be granted me. I am also permitted to get some one to relieve me."

"Ah, Reynard, may I relieve you, then? May I hope to get a pension, and other privileges? You know what a sad lot is mine, especially in winter."

"Certainly," said the fox; "but you must get a long rope that I may come up and let you in."

So the wolf got a rope. Up came the fox, and down went the wolf, and the fox said, "My dear sir, you may remain down there till doomsday, or till the owner of the well kills you."

"Alas!" said the wolf, when it was too late, "greed hath its need."

HOW THE WORLD GOES.

A man once stood up at a market-place in the East, and said: "I have been ordered by the king to collect all the well-

born and well-bred, and bring them before him, since he wishes to reward them."

Everybody that heard him joined him, and he went toward the palace, surrounded by the whole town.

Then he suddenly turned round, and said: "The king has just sent me word that he means to help only those that have been ill-born and ill-bred, to make up for their misfortunes."

The crowd lingered behind for a while, and then one after another joined the man as ill-born and ill-bred, that they might receive the king's gifts.

The man said: "The world goes as the wind blows."

GOOD AND EVIL.

A detachment of soldiers was marching through a wood to avoid meeting a large detachment of the enemy in the neighborhood.

The drummer kept beating his drum, though not loudly. The sound, however,

attracted the attention of the enemy, and they surrounded the party.

The captain, hiding the drummer beat with all his energy to inspire the men with courage. He did so. They fought like lions, and won the day.

The captain said: "Good and evil often flow from the same source."—*Missouri Magazine.*

WHO HE WAS.

"My mamma told me Dad was hero!" she said with half a frown.

"She teased me and my dolly, and I dess I don't know you."

But, dear, I answered, smiling, 'tell me where you're going to.'

She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.

"I'm don't on to Boston, and my pop'll meet me there."

"But dear, I questioned gently, 'if the choo-choo cars should stop, and you should walk, and walk, and then not find your pop, what would you do?'

The little maiden shook her head and frowned.

"My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dad is somewhere 'round."

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there a while.

And watched my little blue eyes, with her half expectant smile.

"Dess waitin' for my pop," she said, 'with dolly fast asleep.'

And then a man came rushing in; I knew him by his leap.

He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, forcible glee.

And then, with father's instinct, quick his eye was turned on me.

"Well, Bess," he asked, 'who is your friend? With quaint, expressive nod

The maid replied: 'I dess I know. I fank it mus' be Dad.'

—Tom Mason, in *Brooklyn Life.*

ANIMALS ON SHIPBOARD.

It is a well-known fact that sailors are extremely fond of pets, and on nearly all of the more than forty war-ships anchored recently in New York harbor were found one or more animals gathered from all quarters of the globe. On the Russian flagship was a soft-fleeced ram from Algiers, a small brown kid from the island of St. Thomas, and a pair of frolicsome monkeys. On the "Jean Bess," the French ship, was a pair of "moutons" and a partridge from Smyrna, which had a red bill and red legs. On the Italian cruiser was a fine dog named Blake in honor of the donors, the sailors from the English ship of that name. He is a regular sea dog, never having set his foot on land since he was born. He will go with the sailors in the cutter as far as the shore, but nothing will induce him to leave the boat. An amusing sight on the day of the parade was a little black and white goat, named Billy, belonging to one of the English ships and marching at the head of his column down Fifth avenue in the scarlet coat of a British marine. The public was enthusiastic over the intelligent little creature and sent in contributions with which was purchased a silver collar engraved with the goat's name, and the date, April 28, 1893. This, with a little silver bell hanging from it, was placed around Billy's neck, and he seemed to be the proudest member of the naval party. —*Congregationalist.*

BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along; he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that; and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open up every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must; and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison; and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers; yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

I used to see my grandma stitching on some fine clothes and I said, "Grandma, who are those clothes for?"

'Do you think there is a heaven for me, too?' said grandma and her voice shook so

The man who forms good habits helps God.
 "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The prodigal had to travel a long way from his father's house before he could be made willing to feed swine. Men have to get far from God before they can be induced to sell rum.—*Ram's Horn.*

Henry Drummond in his "Pax Vobiscum" says:—"Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. 'The Kingdom of God is with you.' We aspire to the top to look for rest; it lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men. Hence be lowly. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men, above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it."

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"